

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, etc.

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NEW ROYAL SOCIETY.

We have the highest gratification in stating that a great literary establishment is about to be formed, under the patronage of the King: the following plan has been published.

Royal Society of Literature, for the encouragement of indigent merit, and the promotion of general literature. To consist of Honorary Members, Subscribing Members, and Associates.

The Class of Honorary Members is intended to comprise some of the most eminent literary men in the three kingdoms, and the most distinguished female writers of the present day.

An annual subscription of Two Guineas, will constitute a Subscribing Member. Subscribers of Ten Guineas, and upwards, will be entitled to privileges hereafter mentioned, according to the date of their subscription.

The Class of Associates is to consist of twenty men of distinguished learning, authors of some creditable work of literature, and men of good moral character; ten under the patronage of the King, and ten under the patronage of the Society.

His Majesty has been pleased to express, in the most favourable terms, his approbation of the proposed Society, and to honour it with his munificent patronage, by assigning the annual sum of One Hundred Guineas each, to ten of the Associates, payable out of the Privy Purse; and also an annual premium of One Hundred Guineas for the best dissertation on some interesting subject, to be chosen by a council belonging to the Society.

Ten Associates will be placed under the patronage of the Society, as soon as the subscriptions (a large portion of which will be annually funded for the purpose) shall be sufficient, and in proportion as they become so. An Annual Subscriber of Ten Guineas, continued for five years, or a Life Subscription of One Hundred Guineas, will entitle such subscribers to nominate an Associate under the Society's patronage, according to the date of their subscription.

The Associates under the patronage of the King, will be elected by respected and competent judges. The Associates nominated by subscribers must have the same qualifications of learning, moral character, and public principle, as those who are elected, and must be approved by the same judges.

Every Associate, at his admission, will choose some subject, or subjects, of literature for discussion, and will engage to devote such discussions to the Society's Memoirs of Literature, of which a volume will be published by the Society, from time to time; in which Memoirs will likewise be inserted the successive Prize Dissertations.

From the months of February to July, it is proposed that a weekly meeting of the Society shall be held; and a monthly meeting during the other six months of the year.

This is the suggestion of His Majesty, and we do not hesitate to say that it is
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a manly, wise, and noble suggestion: We now throw together, without much order, the ideas which occur to us on the subject.

The polite literature of England has long felt the necessity of a rallying point, of being enabled to come before the country with something of the corporate and acknowledged form which has been found essential to all its leading institutions. Eminently calculated to be a great public agent, it has desired to have the stability and the honours that must give it public power, and excite public emulation. The Sciences have had royal patronage for more than a hundred years; the Arts have had it for half a century. But general literature, in its extent of history, philosophy, poetry, and political writing, is above all other movers of the national mind, and deserves and requires in all intelligent views of the public service, to receive the most liberal and dignified protection. Without this protection, this honourable and solemn summons to the service of the country, literature will be either neutral or adverse. We are not speaking in the confidence of the promoters of the present plan, and thus we implicate no man in our opinions; but we cannot persuade ourselves to draw any other conclusion from its success, than that of turning the genius of England into the current of English loyalty. The process may have been unintentional. There may yet be no result of the kind in the contemplation that formed the society. It may have been a mere generous zeal for the sufferings of obscure merit; and there have been instances of liberality in its illustrious patron, enough to give such a complexion to the design. It may have also been from the enlightened zeal and national feeling, which, knowing that literature is the glory of a kingdom, is desirous of adding that last wreath to all its wreaths of wisdom and valour. We have no knowledge that the idea looked farther. But we are full of the conviction that this measure will be the source of a renovated vigour in constitutional loyalty. The nature of the higher literature is to be tranquil. The poet, or the philosopher, may bear

his part in the hurry of the world, but he bears it reluctantly. His place of triumph is not in the streets and meetings of men, but in his study; his orators, and associates, and counsellors of wisdom, and consolers of misfortune, are his books; he lives among visions, a delighted, but a lonely and unearthly being.

Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Would never reach me more!

His penetration shows him the hollowness and heartlessness of the world, and he gladly turns from it. He despises the vulgar arts by which the vulgar are won, and leaves them to demagogues. He deems justly of the divinity of mind, and in his solitude trains it for victories that are not to perish while man lives upon the earth. He is the *Prospero* in his island, with the wand that summons at a wave all forms of dignity and splendour, and of sportive and winning loveliness, round him from the world of the air, and feels sorrow at parting from them even to resume his crown.

It is remarkable how little the higher literature has mingled itself in the disturbances of late years. The country has been in great agitation. The minor agents of mischief have been busied in dismantling, fragment by fragment, the constitution; the war on morals and the healthful allegiance of the English mind, has been desperate and unrelaxing; it has come, like the battle of the Trojans, with its tumultuary array, trampling and triumphing to the very trench; but no magnificent champion has been roused from his indolence, and come forth; no Achilles has flung down his idle lyre, and shouted, and turned the day. The battle has been nobly fought in the senate; great ability has been united with great zeal, and there has been conquered. But the true place of combat is without the walls of the legislature. It is in the fields and market-places, and highways, and dwellings of the multitude. And this battle must be fought, not by the sword, nor even by the tongue, but by the pen. The few poets who have taken a part in the

heat of the day have been on the disaffected side; and have, to the disgust of all good men, and the disgrace of their art, levelled their chief attacks at the individual to whom duty and feeling should have offered their first homage. The other able writers have kept aloof from the tumult, which they might have subdued, but which they waited for the command to subdue.

We are strong in the belief, that the literary mind of the nation, concentrated by the royal encouragement, would have scorched up and exhausted the malignity which has grown pestilent only by being left unvisited by the light. There is no exaggeration in this belief of the potency of even the gentlest literature. History is crowded with examples of the wonders of popular poetry; factions have been beaten down, and thrones sustained by its vigour. In all the great commotions of states, the presence of literature has instantly been felt, as swelling or abating the storm—a mighty and superior influence, that speaking with the voice of man, has more than the power of man, and “it calleth to the winds and the sea, and lo! they obey him.” What this magnificent principle can do under the command of kingly authority, under the encouragement of national honours, with the eyes of the country turned on it, and the pre-eminent cause of morals, loyalty, and patriotism committed to its defence, is yet to be shewn. But by this Institution the first grand advance will have been made. We live in an age of aspiring literature: the poetic mind of England has surrounded itself with a new offspring. But we have yet ascertained no limit to its capacities of production. How many master-minds may be in reserve for the day when literature is to take its place among the honoured of the earth: to wear the emblems of that service which is the proudest freedom; to stand in the shelter of the throne which it secures; and share the national gratitude to the sovereign by whom that throne is filled in honour, and justice, and noble triumph over evil times! What intellectual influx may come when the royal liberality pauses in its orbit above “that tide divine,” and shoots down its ray direct! What chosen multitude may gather from the east and the west, to fill up the seats that are still empty at the great intellectual table! What “mute inglorious Miltons” may be summoned from the mountain and the valley to “vindicate the ways of God to man!”

What mighty spirits may be commanded from the sleep where they have lain in the grave; to put on wings, and pass over the face of the people in light, and speak with the voice of the trumpet;—must be told by time. But to this institution we look for results of which we must not presume to limit the expanse, the duration, or the splendour.

The prospectus at the head of this article, sufficiently details the more important features; and we have but few remarks to add. It strikes us, that the number of the associates is too narrow. It ought to comprehend all who have distinguished themselves in the literature that impresses the general mind, the eminent divine, the poet, the historian, the political writer, the great critic, the master of ancient literature. It ought further to have room for those persons of birth, or rank in the state, whose presence would add to the public respect for the body. Such men will command admission. But on the present scale, it must be by the exclusion of the true objects of election. By confining the number to twenty, literary jealousy may be roused, not conciliated: the excluded will be the hostile. The Institution ought to comprehend every man who has written with merit. The pensions may be but twenty; the honour of admission, with the right of succeeding to the pension, ought to extend to at least a hundred. In twenty, the vacancies will be so rare, and the canvassing so difficult, before a year is past, that a writer unassisted by powerful connexion, might as well expect to become a minister of state. The appointment on its largest scale ought not to wait for the accumulation of funds*. The pension is valuable as a royal honour, but unimportant as an income. No man with talent enough to live by his pen, can set any serious consideration on an addition of 100 pounds to his revenue. No such writer could place it in competition with the honour; none would chuse to be excluded from the society, till they could receive the pension: all precedent is in our favour. The French Academy had forty members. Yet, even in this extension, the literary men were overwhelmed by the competition of men of rank. Cardinals, and Princes of the Blood, crushed out the life of the society. A hundred seats might have left room for all. The ob-

ject of true importance is to give the scattered genius of England a collective form; to gather it, like the steam, from wasting itself on empty air, and to combine and direct its irresistible ebullition to purposes of grandeur and utility that baffle all other strength. It should not be the prize for a few highly favoured and envied men, but a rational expectation and cherished honour for the whole multitude of accomplished minds; not the pinnacle of a rock to which no new adventurer could climb till the stander on it was flung from its barren and solitary eminence, but the gate of a temple, into which the whole intellectual pomp might march together, and worship in hallowed and high-thoughted unity. There should be no exception, but for *disloyalty*, or *licentiousness*. The writer of studied insults to the throne, or to religious, or moral order, should be rigorously excluded, whatever might be his ability. And this, not simply for the punishment of the individual, but for a caution to the whole body of candidates. It is of the highest consequence to teach *early circumspection*, to the men in whose genius is laid so large a power of good and evil. Loyalty and morals must be inculcated by hope, till they become habitual from principle. We do not altogether approve of the title of the Institution. “For the encouragement of indigent merit, and the promotion of general literature.” We would omit the former clause. It unintentionally throws something like humiliation over the society. Ridicule will be busy, and the associates will be classed among the *indigent*. The justifiable pride of genius may be thus insulted, and the honour of the appointment will certainly be diminished, by the stigma of the title. Disaffection will call them the “King’s Paupers;” and no man is insensible to perpetual popular derision. The title ought to be changed; the object may be equally preserved. It might be fatal to the institution to commence by offending the delicacy of men, generally cautious of appearing to be dependent in proportion as they are humble in fortune; and it is for these, that the society should be constituted.

The encouragement of *indigent merit* is a charitable object. * But in England the instances of merit totally destitute are rare; and they are never known but

* It is, however, our earnest advice to every lover of literature, possessed of the means, to step forward promptly and co-operate with the King in this splendid design.

* That excellent Institution, *The Literary Fund Society*, occupies this ground; and we rejoice to know, that its exertions and success are likely to be greatly increased at the next anniversary.

to be patronized. From *Stephen Duck*, down to *Clare*, there is no instance of a want of public generosity. To give a provision to all the rustics who would demand it on the ground of making rude verses, would exhaust ten times the funds of the society. But by another method, great service might be done. The difficulty with a young writer, is to appear before the public. The expense of printing is beyond his means; and few printers will adventure on an untitled name. The society might receive all such works, subject to the decision of a Committee as to their hope of success, and print them; give the profits to the author, with perhaps a small donation, as a prize and an assistance, and thus launch him into the world. Authors of valuable works too costly for the hazards of the publisher, might also be assisted in their publication. This rule would cheer many a venerable labourer in the literary field, while it secured the benefit of his labours to the public. A similar arrangement would be well worthy of the other royal societies.

An important service might be rendered, by taking under their patronage some of those poor and singular boys of genius, who distinguish themselves at school, and superintending their education.

The arrangements of the society would be a matter of further and easy consideration. All the officers connected with its literary concerns, except the president, should be *provisional*, for the first year, or until the society assumes its settled shape. The Secretaries are of the utmost importance: For in a short time all the vital business comes into their hands. They are virtually the directors. They must be of decided literary powers. The French Academy rose or sank with the reputation of the secretaries. The most important part of the readings before the society was of their composition.

D'Alembert's volume of Discourses on the eminent members, is a striking monument of the labours of his place. Besides those, he left not less than sixty in manuscript. At all the sittings, it depended on this able and versatile man to sustain the interest of the assemblage. The secretaries must be not mere scholars, nor mere men of business; their chief requisite is eloquence as writers.

It is yet to be settled, whether the society is to have periodical meetings yearly, or within any other limit, to which the public are to be admitted; a

measure which we strongly advocate. Whether candidates are to be allowed to *contend* for admission; a mode of which we fully disapprove, as tending to infinite meannesses and dissatisfactions. Whether memoirs of the deceased members are to be read by their successors, or read at all, &c. &c.; a matter which produced great excitement in the French Academy, but which might be in some degree adverse to our habits. All may be the subject of future discussion. But on all possible *publicity* we insist, as the life-blood of the plan. The nation takes no interest in proceedings with closed doors. Private meetings and consultations are of course necessary; but the public must have the power of being occasionally present, as in the Foreign Academies, or even the spirit of the members perishes. There is some frivolity undoubtedly in these promiscuous admissions, but there is also solid service. The secret of the superior activity of the French Literary Societies, lies in those crowded displays. The object is to bring the nation to feel an interest in this assemblage of its literary champions; and the interest is to be maintained in no other way than by suffering them to be seen. Observations still crowd upon us; but we must have done. If we have an additional satisfaction, it is that of recollecting the source from which this design emanates.

It enables us to pay a new homage to the altar and the throne. We have taken no part in the late convulsions of public opinion. Our business is with books; we leave the mob to more ardent ambition. But it is a high gratification to feel that the first work of the Royal mind, after this season of offence, has been to exhibit patriotism in its most unquestioned form, to answer unmerited imputations by kingly liberality, and in the hour when fools and traitors insulted the majesty of the throne, to show its forgiveness in ministering to the present and perpetual glory of the nation. We are also glad to find, that to the detail of this design the aid of the altar has been summoned; and that what was conceived in patriotism, is to be completed in learning, wisdom, and piety. The prelate* to whom the arrangements are committed, is a man honorable by every title of literature and religion. The civil fabric is thus consecrated. We look to the commencement of this magnificent Institute with strong anxiety. It is the true way to draw off the general mind from petty

discontent; for it points its view to conquests and honours, in the very competition for which a new and muscular energy is elaborated in the mind. The common trophies of empire pass away by the inevitable law of nature. Victories are forgotten in the dimness of years, or reprobated as a melancholy waste of human happiness; but the triumphs of literature are without regrets, and imperishable. They are the generous wealth that may be lavished on all the earth, through all its generations, without diminishing the treasure of the bestower; the great legacy of nations, that makes the giver only the more opulent, and superior to the tomb; the illustrious liberality that falls nowhere in vain, but returns like the rain from heaven, to its original source, after having gone through its mighty round of fertilization. Attica is a haunt of barbarians, and its triumphal arches are dust and ashes. But what civilized man treads upon the soil, but as on the place of a supernatural presence? The land is haunted to him by the spirits of the mighty; there is a charm in the name of Greece; and its freedom is among the hopes and prayers of all the nobler minds of the world. The day of vicissitude has not come upon England; but she has her trials, and must not abandon a single source of stability and confidence against the future.

Ἰδὲ μὲν, ποταμὸν, ποταμὸν τὰνδε,
Ἐχόμεν' ἑσθλὰν εἴς' ἡμ' ἄλυσιν;
Τὸν μακροτάτῳ τ' ἔχον
Ὀυκ ἔτι τις μὲν ὀπίσθε.

EURIP.

† His Majesty has, we believe, intrusted the formation of the Institution, (The Royal Society of Literature,) which has called forth these remarks, to the learned and eminent Prelate, whose name we have already mentioned, Dr. Thomas Burgess, the Bishop of St. Davids. The names of several individuals who have taken part in bringing the design to its present maturity, have been mentioned to us, but we do not feel as yet at liberty to make them public. Suffice it to say, that other branches of the Royal Family have become subscribers; that Ministers give their aid; that many of the most distinguished among the clergy concur in promoting the plan; that the leading members of both the universities are among its friends. The funds are already considerable; and we are sure this public notice will raise them considerably; as heretofore, the only question has been "by whom the Society was projected, under whose auspices formed, and where the subscriptions to establish it in splendid sufficiency were to be made." Having shown that the highest authority not only sanctions but zealously favours the design; that his Majesty may be considered as its personal as well as royal founder and patron; we are certain that men of every rank and station in the community will press forward to have the

* The Bishop of St. Davids.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Amaranthus the Nympholept; Lucy Milford, and other Poems. 12mo. pp. 232. London, 1820.

There is an American bird of singular qualities. It is called *The Mocking-Bird*, and has the power of imitating the notes of every chorister in the grove, from the dulcet twitter of this humming bird, to the harsh scream of the Macaw; while its native song is undistinguished by any peculiar harmony. Were we to imagine a human creature of this genus, we should fancy a poet to whom it was alike easy to assume the chirping of the honourable Mr. S., the melody of Moore, the intensity of Byron, or the swelling tones of Scott; but who, when he attempted original verse, did not produce any thing strikingly different from the more common decolts of the day. Such would be Mr. Horace Smith, one of the authors of the justly famed *Rejected Addresses*, and the reputed writer of *The Nympholept*.

The Nympholept is a pastoral drama, in three long acts; but before drawing up the curtain, we had better inform our readers what the name means; for the disease of Nympholepsy has either become extinct, or is, in our times, attended by other symptoms and results. It seems then that "The Nympholept" of the Greeks, and the Lymphatic or Lymphatici of the Romans, were men supposed to be possessed by the Nymphs, and driven to phrensy, either from having seen one of those mysterious beings, or from the maddening effect of the oracular caves in which they resided. Plutarch particularly mentions, that the Nymphs Spira-

honour of contributing to its endowment and completion.

We have obtained a copy of the first prize questions to be proposed (which, we understand, will soon be officially announced) and take the liberty of anticipating their promulgation; they are as follows,

1st. For the King's premium of one hundred guineas.

On the age, writings, and genius of Homer; and on the state of religion, society, learning, and the arts, during that period, collected from the writings of Homer.

2d. For the Society's premium of fifty guineas. Dartmoor; a poem.

3d. For the Society's premium of twenty-five guineas.

On the history of the Greek language, on the present language of Greece, and on the difference between ancient and modern Greek.

The first question, if we remember rightly, has been a subject of learned discussion, as well as of a recent work, by Mr. Payne Knight. The second is by no means so barren of incident for the highest poetical illustration as its name might seem to import. And the third is replete with interest.

We shall, we trust, be enabled to communicate further details as they arise, respecting a plan so important to Britain and British literature, as request Numbers of the *Literary Gazette*.

gitudes haunted a cave on Mount Citharon, in Boeotia, in which there had formerly been an oracle, and where, from the inspiration they diffused, Nympholepsy became an endemic complaint. According to Pестus, it was formerly thought that all those who had merely seen the figure of a nymph in a fountain, were seized with madness during the remainder of their lives.

It was the popular opinion throughout the whole of Greece, that the nymphs occasionally appeared to mortals, and that the consequences of beholding them were generally to be deprecated; the result among such a superstitious and imaginative people may easily be conjectured. Terror combined with religion in disposing the mind to adopt delusion for reality; and visions became frequent and indisputable in exact proportion to the prevalence of timidity and enthusiasm. Sometimes they were not altogether imaginary in their origin. Partial glimpses of some country girl, tripping, perhaps through the twilight grove to meet her lover, or stealing into the copse at day-break to bathe in its embowered waters, were quite sufficient to inflame the combustible fancy of a Greek. Others, probably, without such excitement of the external sense would sit amid the solitude of the forest, brooding over the tales which peopled it with nymphs, fauns, and satyrs, until they realized them to their mind's eye, and became Nympholepts the more incurable, because no tangible object had deranged their faculties, and they had consequently no means of proving the fallacy of their impressions.

Upon this basis, the author has constructed his drama; in which Amaranthus, a mortal, is seized with Nympholepsy, and cured by (Dryope) a wood-nymph's marrying him, by which act she becomes also mortal, and releases to the sky a nymph of the air; (Urania,) whose doom was involved in this event. The other characters are, Theucaria a virgin priestess of Pan; Cénome, a Delphic girl, endued with a prophetic spirit; Amarillis, a shepherdess beloved by and loving Phœbidas; Phœbidas; Celadon, a rich Athenian of a vicious character; and one or two other unimportant personages.

In the plot the whole circle of heathen mythology is ransacked, and the scene, "Arcady the blest," is peopled by all the agricultural divinities of early Grecian theogony. However, as it is more as a poem than as a play, that Amaranthus presents itself for judgment; we shall refrain from inquiring into its dramatic pretensions, and look at it simply as a pastoral in dialogue.

In this point of view, it appears to us to be of a description, as mixed and full of contrariety as almost any production which we ever read. The gold and the clay are conjoined as in Nebuchadnezzar's image. There are passages of extraordinary beauty, and there are others as mean as possible. The prevailing fault is a decided tendency towards the lowest species of poetical composition of the present period—that which mistakes vulgarity of phrase for simplicity, and affectation for grace; and the use of

the minute, which all true poets have rejected, for originality. We have too much of the "gugglings" of water, and the "gushes" of sound, and the "flushes" of light; and those ridiculous expressions which characterise a school eminently puling in poetry, and silly in metaphysics. We have also its "upplings," "up-breathings," "up-soarings," and "up-turnings," its "out-dartings," and "out-thrustings," "bathing in leafy greenness," and similar puerilities. Indeed this sort of phraseology is employed so grotesquely, that were it not for the general tone of feeling and sweetness in the piece, we should believe that it was intentionally used for burlesque. Such, we are sure, must be the effect of rhymes like Narcissus-Cyparissus; Nepenthe-sent thee; perpetually-open valley, &c. — and especially when helped on by the mean words which too often occur in the verse, as will be seen in several of our extracts, and of which we therefore offer but a single doggerel illustration.

Phœbidas and Amarillis.

Phœbidas and Amarillis!

By your marriage celebration

Pan ordains you to fulfil his

High and holy declaration.

The versification of the entire drama is of every measure, the transitions being as rapid as they are sometimes "out of all rule." But it is generally smooth, though not a few instances might be quoted with which no musical ear can fail to be distracted. A line like the following is intolerable.

"I must haste bring
"Water from the holy well for our lustrations."

It is truly surprising to meet with so much sweet poetry, coupled with so many proofs of bad taste—so many clear manifestations of true genius, linked to examples of the merest meretricious glitter. We cannot account for it except on the hypothesis, that the author has mistaken his vein—which to us appears to be the humorous, with bursts of pathos, and not the sustained sentimental. And yet it is in the more familiar scenes, that the greatest failure is obvious: they are almost invariably mean, though the serious and higher efforts are some of them excellent, while others are no farther blemished, than by the employment of some poor word or common-place combination of language.

For example, we are told of "the fall of reverend knees;" of "showering of golden sashes elsewhere;" of persons "walking in a corn-field being" "zoned by waving sheets of gold, embossed with Flora's rich embroidery;" of "fluent lips being tasted;" of "breezes that with beaks resound;" of flying in "a shuddering shiver;" of "unfurling the book of fate;" of a "heart throbbing a peal;" and of a multitude of circumstances spoilt by such forced or conceited epithets. A few brief quotations will further expose this preposterous system: Celadon is endeavouring to "rouse Amarillis' jealousy, touching one "plump Tilphosa;" and she replies—

Hold

Thy poisonous tongue, unmannerly deceiver!

By the dread frown of tower'd Cybele,
Thou hast belied my Phœbidas; for he
Is true as is the shadow to the sun,
Bees to their queen, or swallows to the spring.
O Celadon, unkind! was this well done,
Afflicted as I am to sting mine ear
With thy base fictions? Slanderer, I fling
Thy falsehoods in thy face.
Celadon. Close not that mouth,
Altho' it scold me, nor let disappear
Those teeth, whose whiteness makes the lip
more red.

Like snow-drops set in a carnation-bed.
How blind thou art
To his known falsehood; but no longer worry
Thy soul about him. Is not his desertion
Base? Is not absence infidelity?
And doth it well become a modest maid
To follow one who holds her in aversion?
Amarillis. Traducer, he does not. O I could
cry

To hear him thus abused!
This "worry" is a favourite word. Dry-
ope, in the most solemn manner, describes
Amarynthus as

Haunted with nympholeptic dreams, that dull
His bright conceit, and worry him to madness.
But to pursue the dialogue between Celadon
and Amarillis—it proceeds and ends in the
same style.

Back, base man!
Or I will set my dog at thee. By Pan!
If thou but mov'st a single step, my crook
Shall fling thee to the earth. Hie, Rover, leap,
And chase my thirsty flock from yonder swamp,
That I may guide them thro' the glen to the
brook.

Down in the vale. Thou wealthy wooer, keep
Thy tales, seductions, gold, and guilty pomp
For city dwellers. [Exit.

Celadon. Poil'd by a rustic minx!
Rejected, lectured, and a clumsy clown
Prefer'd! 'Tis well; but if the vixen thinks
To 'scape my vengeance, she has little known
Celadon's nature. In yon secret grove
I'll lie, and plot revenge for slighted love. [Exit.
Nor are the colloquies between the lovers
one jot more elevated; and we can exhibit
no clearer mistake of the low for the simple,
than the following.

Amarillis. Gather up your kine!
For see, my sheep have sought the hazel shades.
Phœbidas. Upon this primrose bank I'll sit.
Amarillis. And here
Beside you will I listen to your tale.

Phœbidas. When last we parted, Amarillis
dear,

You know I was a goat-herd in the vale
Of Hemont, tending churlish Cymon's flocks.
There is a sloping field above the rocks
Of Homole, where in luxuriance grow
Wild honeysuckles and cyprus low,
Which goats delight to browse; there mine I
drove,

And sat and piped beneath an almond tree,
Or caroll'd old bucolic songs of love;
Till gazing on a distant hill at sea,
I thought upon the shepherds of the deep,
Who plough the wave, and sometimes only
reap

The wind. Far happier is the goat-herd's lot,
Said I, and I far happiest of the clan,
Could but my Amarillis share my cot;
And then I gather'd rushes, and began
To weave a garland for you, intertwined
With violets, hepaticas, primroses,
And coy anemone, that as'er upcloses

Her lips until they're blown on by the wind.
Meanwhile my dog
Amarillis. Stop, Phœbidas, for is
You cow has wander'd, and on Milo's lands
His onives crops.

Phœbidas. Off, Whiteface! down below,
To the shady glen where yon black heifer stands,
Whisking the flies off in the rusky brook.
Ill luck be to the beast, she will not hear!
O for a stone to throw! Lend me your crook.
If I get near her she shall feel my blow.
Amarillis. O hurt her not, poor beast, nor go
too near.

Lest she should gore thee:—recollect the woes
That Venus proved for her Adonis dear.
And think of me. See, see, the wanderer goes
Back to the herd, so, Phœbidas, sit here
Close by my side, and let me hear the rest.

Phœbidas. Where was I, Amarillis?
Amarillis. You were saying
About your dog—

Phœbidas. Ay; he with heat oppress'd
Lay fast asleep, by starts and growls betraying
That he was dreaming like his master. I
Dreaming of thee, in reverie profound,
My flowery garland wove, smiling to hear
The cuckoo's note which on the breeze swept by,
And then was lost again, when oh, sad sound!
The cough of Cymon grated on mine ear;
And soon I saw him hobbling up the rock,
Rage in his face, and curses on his lip.
Alack! no wonder; for my traitor flock
Had climb'd the fence where his young vases
were growing,

And nibbled every green and tender tip;
The while, unseen, a fox had seiz'd my scrip,
And left me dinnerless. His staff first throwing,
He smote poor Lightfoot, who, with howling
sarl,

Limp'd home, and cannot walk even now. On
me
Next burst his wrath.

This reminds us of the ballad ditty—
When my love was sick and like to die,
Oh, thither went my dog and I.

We wish however to get to the end of the
disagreeable part of our task; and, instead
of pointing out what we cannot help cen-
suring in this production, indulging in the
quotation of its beauties. We shall there-
fore with the utmost brevity advert to the
remaining blemishes. The following touch
at simplicity, conveys an idea eminently
ludicrous: an enthusiast of nature exclaims,
How sweet are the remembered smells
Of infancy!

We now give an example of a fine image
being pursued till it becomes absurd.

What! think'st thou that the whistling wind
Pipes in the storm for nothing? Idle notion!
'Tis to call up the howling waves, confound
In the sea's depths. No wave of ocean
That, in the solitudes of space, can rise to
Upturn its feasty face

Unto the moon, and, with a gushing sigh,
Sinks down again to die;
But is commission'd, and that parting breath,
Perhaps, a flat bear of life and death.
Why do the runnels urge their races
Through the earth's crevices and secret places?
But that their tongues with nimble guggles
May scatter orders as they flow,
And summon from the caves below,
Agents for the earthquake's struggles.

When on the ground I lay mine ear,

I hear their secret plots
Come murmur'ing up from the central grots.—

That, from the sublime to the ridiculous
is but a step, could not be more aptly illus-
trated, than by the first half of this pas-
sage, compared with the last, wherein affec-
tation supersedes the genuine inspiration of
poetry. The same error infects the follow-
ing description of Love, in which the noble
thoughts of a great bard is ramified into im-
becile particularity.

Love governs earth and kings, the flocks; and
herds; elms; wasp; and in a new
Join to the twitter of the billing birds.
Their hymeneal cries. Love's suit
Even the dumb inanimates pursue.
The ivy clasps the oak, the vine the elm,
Pouting her purple lips to kiss his root.
By touch of blossom'd mouth the flowers re-
new

Their races odoriferous. This woody realm
is Cupid's bowery; see how the trees entwined
Their arms in amorous embraces; twined
The guggings of the rill that runs beneath
Are but the kisses which it leaves behind;
While softly sighing thro' these fond retreats,
The wanton wind woe every thing it meets.

The answer to this declamation is equally
far fetched. We shall but mention; that the
author is guilty of some anachronisms; as
when he makes the shepherds of Arcadia
talk of "Lucifer" as an evening star; and
a priest of Pan call for his "Ath and Amice,"
the last-mentioned garment being so pecu-
liarly Romish.

But we now approach pleasant ground.
The Nympholept is thickly studded with
gems of the purest lustre; and has many
splendid parts which breathe the very soul
of poetry, without an alloying taint. The
former it is difficult to detach; but we shall
endeavour to pick out a few of them as ex-
amples.

Contrast between luxury and nature.
What pomps can courts and capitals supply
So gorgeous as the rising of the sun
Over this vale of Tempe? so sublime
As the sea's deep-mouth'd voice in harmony
With woods and winds—an awful union!
What matins like the larks, who heavenward
climb,

And pour down lighted music from above?
What midnight serenades so rapturous
As the lone nightingale's; whose soul of love
Out-gushes with her song?—Jewels and rings!
Is not each dewy blade, and leaf, and flower,
Hung with a pearl, which, when the sun up-
springs,

Is dyed to amethyst and ruby?
Lighted music is one of the most exqui-
site expressions we ever met with.—Contem-
plation is also charmingly painted.

I have often stray'd,
At dimbest midnight, to the green-wood glade,
And in the silence, mark'd with awe profound,
The boughs, like curtains, hanging stilly round,
With drowsy vapours from the earth up wreath-
ing,
As if the grass lay fast asleep, and breathing.

There is perhaps some grandiloquence
in the annexed comparison, but it is beau-
tiful. Amarillis expecting her lover, watches
the usual approach of his dog, and says—

But neither might I hear his voice, nor mark
His white side bounding o'er the waving grass,
Like a sail torn'd on Neptune's tumbling green.

O how delicious is the jolly spring,
When the warm blood leaps merrily thro' the
veins.

And with the budding forth and blossoming
Of fields and groves, methinks the soul attains
Fresh life and greenness; wantons in the breeze,
Sings with the birds, and with the waving from
Dances in unison.

Nature's rejoicing in the God Pan's jovial music.
Then Nature laughs outright, the wild flowers
sing.

Their incense up, the cattle leap for gladness,
The jocund trees their branches toss on high,
As if they chirp'd their praise; the cloudless
sky

Smiles on the smiling earth, and every thing
Makes holiday and pranksome Jubilee.

Longings of an enthusiastic spirit for knowledge.
O Panophaean Jove! help me to pierce
This only secret. Draw the curtain up
That hides futurity, or tear it down,
I care not which; so thou canst show these secret
Qualifications of my spirit.

O then most beautiful pageant of the world,
O glorious sun and moon, sea, earth, and sky,
Shall I plot blindly on through life's worn
maze.

Nor ask by whom your wonders were unfurled?
Sun! Shall I fix on thee my dying eye,
Nor ever have learnt who set thee in a blaze?
Earth! shall I tread upon thee but to be
Down trodden, and partake man's grovelling
doom,
Earth-born, earth-swallowed,—eating,—eaten,
—dust!

The despair of Nympholepsy.
The nymphs! the nymphs! O hide me from
their fury.

They gaze upon me. Hark! the hissing air
Boils in mine ears; earth heaves beneath my
feet.

And tries to shake me off. Spare, I conjure ye,
O spare a madden'd wanderer. There, there!
The sea forsakes its bed, and rolls its fleet
Waves to overwhelm me. Lo! the rays of the
sun

Are angry flames, with forty tongues out-thrust
To lap me. Hecate is coming; see,
With her hands she combs her snakes, and every
one

Spits out its foam at me. Here in the dust,
Kneeling, O gentle shepherdes, to thee
I make appeal. If ever thou didst love,
Or the soft touches of compassion know,
If thou dost reverence the powers above,
And the dread nymphs their ministrations below,
O pour thy pity on a haunted wretch,
Chased by the furies,—horror-stricken,—stung
To madness. Show me some lair where I may
stretch
My fainting limbs, and lie in the dark conceal'd
From all things and myself.

An earnest being's view of humanity.
Oft as I float above this earthly ball,
And catch the murmur of its myriad throngs,
Although to me no sympathy belongs
With fleeting man, a smiling tear will fall.
To think upon the everlasting strife
Of passions that embroil his little life;
Their schemes, ephemeral, the sad and blithe
Hotly pursue, and as they angle or weep,
Up stalks the bony monster with the scythe,

And crops the breathing harvest at a sweep.
New generations rise to feed his blade.
And yet, poor insect, only thou dost fade.
The sun and moon look on with changeless eyes,
Age doth not bleach the blueness of the sky;
And tho' the winter'd earth was cheeks may
Spring re-appears her wrinkled brow to smooth,
Garlands her locks, and o'er her shoulders bare
Throws the green mantle of eternal youth.

Figures of natural phenomena.
Through the sky's azure lake yon parted
cloud

Swims on to bleach its feathers in the moon.
Like the swan-god, bridling to sleek his proud
And thrilling down on Leda's breast.
And now the Titan clouds their masses prop
Into a mountain that may scale the skies;
And, lo! the moon, soon as it sleeps at rest,
Steals to the field of lilies on its top.
To bless her Latman shepherd, while the wind
Blows the black ringlets from his dreaming eyes,
That she may kiss them softly. Ah! how soon
All is dissolved, and scattered, unconfined,
For now the clouds, in tufts of fleecy hue,
Wander, like flocks of sheep, through fields of
blue.

Cropping the stars for daises, while the moon
Sits smiling on them as a shepherdess;
Floating upon the wings of silence down,
A dew of light, in silver loveliness
Falls on the earth. The trees stand proudly still
To have their portraits shadow'd on the ground
By Dian's pencil, whose creative skill
Doubles the landscape, copying every trace
In light and shade,—all but her own fair face,
Which in the brook, as in the heavens, is found
Painted in light alone.

We could multiply these delicious quotations
to the end of our paper; but what
we have transcribed are sufficient to show
the power and pathos of the author, when
his muse is liberated from the debasing tendencies
of Cockney poetry. So delighted
are we with the re-perusal of these extracts,
that we feel we could not have stated our
objections in the same page with our praises,
had we not done so in setting out. It now
only remains for us to give one example of
the playful; and for this purpose we select
a ballad, on a well known classical anecdote,
sung by Cœnæa.

Hot was the chase
Through the wilds of Thrace,
When Ræcus riding the woods among,
Saw a beautiful oak that toppling hung,
For the earth had sunk
Beneath the roots, and its trunk
To the shelving bank in an agony clung.

His horse he stopp'd,
And he upright propp'd
The tree, and replaced the earth with care,
When a young Hamadryad, as fresh as air,
Stepping out of the dark
And yawning bark,
Cried, "Ask a boon, and I'll grant your prayer."

As he gaz'd on her breast,
Still heaving distress'd,
He fondly exclaim'd, "With love I burn;
O beautiful nymph grant youth in return!
She blush'd at his boon,
But vow'd that soon,
The hour of his happy reward he should learn.

In his ear, while at dice,<
A bee buzz'd thrice,

'Twas a page from his bride to whisper her will,
But he dash'd it aside, and attempted to kill.
When in anger and shame
She struck him lame,
And there he goes limping, limping still.

Of Lucy Milford, and the smaller poems,
we have not left ourselves room to say
much; which we the less regret, because
we think the first rather mediocre. Among
the latter are some pretty pieces. *Ex. gr.*

On an ancient lance, hanging in an armoury.
Once in the breezy coppice didst thou dance,
And nightingales amid thy foliage sang;
Form'd by man's cruel art into a lance,
Oft hast thou pierc'd (the while the welkin
rang

With trumpet and drum, shoutings and battle
clang.)
Some foeman's heart. Pride, pomp, and circumstance
Have left thee now, and thou dost silent hang,
From age to age, in deep and dusty traces.

What is thy change to ours? these gazing eyes,
To earth reverting, may again arise
In dust, to settle on the self-same space;
Dust, which some offspring, yet unborn, who
tries

To poise thy weight, may with his hand efface,
And with his moulder'd eyes again replace.

Some lines written at Windsor so singularly
exemplify the author's merits and deficiencies,
that we are sorry our limits prevent us from
inserting them: but in reading these, and indeed
the whole volume, we will venture to say the public
will enjoy, if not an unmixed, a very great and
genuine pleasure.

*A Memoir on the Voyage of D'Entrecasteaux,
in search of La Pérouse.* By James
Burney, Esq. R. N. and F. R. S. pp. 21.

This pamphlet embraces a question which
has always excited so much interest, that we
felt called upon to specify it (however
briefly) for public notice. Captain Burney
recalls to memory, that La Pérouse sailed
from France on the 1st of August 1785, and
that the last certain information received
concerning him was, that he departed from
Botany Bay on the 10th March 1788, having
previously signified his intention to revisit
the Friendly Islands, thence trace the coast
of New Caledonia to the isle of Santa Cruz,
pass between New Guinea and New Holland
to Van Diemen's Land, and reach the isle of
France in December. The writer then details
the proceedings of the French Government
in 1791, when M. D'Entrecasteaux in *La
Recherche* of 600 tons, and Capt. Kermadec
in *L'Esperance* of the same burthen, were
despatched to follow the tracks indicated in
Pérouse's last letter; and gain intelligence of
the fate of the expedition. Capt. B. blames
the minuteness of the instructions given to
the commander; but the principal feature of
his memoir is that which relates to the inquiry
respecting the lost voyagers. The supposition,
founded on a story related of Commodore
Hunter, that Pérouse might have been wrecked
on one of the Admiralty Isles, is discredited;
and the notion that the Friendly Isles
might have been the scene of such an

event is also dismissed. But a new and curious hypothesis is started.

"The 19th of April (1798) they (the French ships under d'Entrecasteaux, we are told), anchored in Balade Harbour, on the North coast of New Caledonia, a place where Captain Cook had formerly anchored. Nothing relative to the purpose of their search occurred till the 4th of May. Labillardiere had been with others on an excursion into the interior of the Island. He relates, 'we reached the ship on our return, about the middle of the day. Alongside, I observed a double canoe which had two sails. The natives in her spoke the language of the Friendly Islands. They were eight in number, seven men and a woman. They told us that the Island whence they had come, was situated to the eastward, a day's sail distant from our anchorage, and that it was named *Aouvea*. They knew the use of iron, and appeared to us more intelligent than the New Caledonians. I was not a little surprised to see one of the planks of their canoe covered with a coat of varnish. It seemed to have belonged to some European vessel, and I could entertain no doubt of it when I discovered that white lead (chaux de plomb) was a principal ingredient in the composition of this varnish. This plank doubtless came from a ship of a civilized nation, which had been wrecked on their coasts. I desired these savages to recount to us what they knew on this subject: they immediately set sail to the westward, promising us to return the next day to give the account we desired; but they were not faithful to their word, and we did not see them again.'"

Upon this, Capt. B. remarks, that the "impression it is adapted to make, can be no other than that a clue was found which might have led to some discovery concerning the fate of la Pérouse; that this clue was suffered to slip from their hands; and that it was not afterwards pursued or sought after."

"Many years after Labillardiere's history of the *Voyage de la Recherche de la Pérouse* was given to the public, the journal of the commander d'Entrecasteaux, which had been regularly kept till within a few days of his death, was prepared for the press by le Sieur Rosel, who had served in the voyage as lieutenant, and was published under the patronage of the Emperor Napoleon. The account given by M. d'Entrecasteaux, of the canoe of *Aouvea*, or, as it is written in his journal, of *Hahoua*, is as follows:—

"The 4th, in the harbour of Balade, New Caledonia.—A canoe with two sails, which appeared to us to have arrived from the offing (i. e. from sea) came alongside the *Recherche* in the afternoon. There were in her seven men; but they did not resemble the men of New Caledonia. They were, however, like them, quite naked. Their skin was darker than that of the inhabitants of Balade, and they were more robust, and of taller stature. They made us understand that they came from an Island named by them *Hahoua*, and they indicated the direction in which it lay by pointing to the East North East. We distinguished in their

speech many words of the Friendly Island language. Some inhabitants of Balade came on board whilst they were with us, and they did not exchange any communication with these strangers. I was told that these newcomers, who had arrived late, had testified a desire to pass the night on board the ship, but they had been sent away before their demand was understood. We flattered ourselves that they would return the next day, but we did not see them again. In this, there is no mention of the varnished plank of which M. Labillardiere has spoken. Possibly M. d'Entrecasteaux differed in opinion from M. Labillardiere concerning it; yet he adds, 'Their departure caused me much regret, as I had hoped to have drawn from them lights which we had not been able to obtain from the natives of New Caledonia.'

"The regret and anxiety expressed by the commander, at not having obtained more information from these people, seems to imply that some communication of more importance than what related to a further knowledge of the natives themselves, or of their language, had been expected. There is also a remarkable difference in the two narratives. That of Labillardiere relates that the *Aouveans*, on being interrogated about the painted plank, immediately sailed away: and M. d'Entrecasteaux represents them as having been desirous to remain all night on board the ship, and as having been sent away. On these points, the later publication might have afforded some explanation.

"As it was the intention of M. de la Pérouse, when he left Botany Bay, to go first to the Friendly Islands, and it appears that he did not go there, the most probable conjecture, were it not for the circumstance of the *Aouvea* canoe, would be, that some disastrous event prevented him from fulfilling that intention. But baffling and unexpected winds might have disappointed him of reaching the Friendly Islands, and have occasioned him to pass on without touching at them.

"In the present state of the South Sea Islands, and of European navigation in the South Sea, more effective enquiry can be made than was possible in M. d'Entrecasteaux's time, and with much greater facility. Numerous European and American seamen have quitted their ships at different Islands in the South Sea, and resided among the inhabitants such a length of time that they may be said to be naturalized; many of whom are probably as well acquainted with the language spoken at the Island on which they live as the natives themselves. Native Islanders also hire themselves as seamen, and make voyages in European ships. Interpreters of each description could doubtless be engaged, and ships are frequently departing from New South Wales, bound for the China Seas, which afford opportunities with little inconvenience of sending to New Caledonia.

"If a ship should go expressly to make this enquiry, it would be desirable that she should be provided with a New Zealander, a Friendly Islander, a Society Islander, and two or three Europeans, qualified in the

* *Voyage de d'Entrecasteaux*, Vol. 3, p. 341.

manner above mentioned. Of the New Caledonians, the situation of the Island *Aouvea* might be learnt; and by enquiries made both of the New Caledonians and of the *Aouveans*, would most probably be ascertained, without danger of misapprehension, whether the slips of la Pérouse had been seen at their Island, or at any Island in their neighbourhood, and all the information respecting them which they had to communicate, be obtained.

"Without being very sanguine as to the result, it would be satisfactory to have this matter cleared up, and such examination and enquiry is due to la Pérouse and his companions, or to their memory."

We have nothing to add to this quotation, which amply explains the writer's views, and re-opens a most interesting inquiry.

WOODCOCK'S NOVELS ON BRAZIL.

[Concluding Notice.]

Having already represented the character of this work (a character which we trust will recommend it to those who are curious for information upon its subject, and have leisure to plod through its miscellaneous and copious contents); and having made frequent extracts to display its fashion and qualities, the rapid influx of literary novelties prevents us from doing more than winding up our review with only two short selections. The following draws an uncommon picture of South American agriculture.

"The reader has regarded with wonder, perhaps with incredulity, the account before given of the size of the farm of Pellosay; and, indeed, the reported extent of farms in this part of the American continent can scarcely be mentioned with boldness, by one who has himself little doubt of the truth of the accounts. The smallest are stated at four square leagues, or more than twenty thousand acres; the largest are said to reach to a hundred square leagues, or near six hundred thousand acres. To each three square leagues are allotted four or five thousand head of cattle, six men, and a hundred horses; though, according to circumstances, such as the distance from navigable waters, or from church, there must be a variety in the number of oxen kept for the business of a farm. The proportion of horses will appear a very large one; but it is to be remembered that they cost nothing in keeping, as they are turned out on the plains; that no one about the farm, not even a slave, ever goes the shortest distance on foot; and that each manager will change his horse two or three times in a day. About a hundred cows are allowed for the supply of milk, butter, cheese, and veal, to a farm of the average size. Hogs are usually found near the houses, but little care is taken of them; they wander about, root up the ground, devour supplies, and make a good part of their subsistence on the waste parts of the cattle slaughtered. There are few sheep, and they are remarkably light and ill made, with a short ordinary wool, which, however, might easily be improved. This wool is, at present, used partly unstrippd from the skins, as saddle-covers and

the like, partly for the stuffing of beds and mattresses. The country is so thinly peopled, its inhabitants have so little liking to mutton, and the wild dogs and other beasts and birds of prey are so numerous, that there can be little inducement to increase the flocks.

"In every farm there is at least one inclosed place, called the Rodeio, generally on the highest spot; here the cattle are occasionally collected, examined, marked, and treated as circumstances may require. So accustomed are they, particularly the horses, to this practice, that when the servants of the farm ride along, swinging their lassos or their hats, and loudly pronouncing the word Rodeio, they all walk slowly to the spot. In a country so little enlivened by variety, this assemblage forms one of its most rural and pleasant scenes."

Of the present, that is to say, the improving state of Brazil, we find some interesting particulars. The King was rather favourable to the liberty of the press, but was prevented from following his inclination.

"The licensed press, however, has produced some useful works besides these, which relate to military affairs. Among them, we reckon as the most useful, the *Thesouro dos Meninos*, which treats of "Morals, Virtue, and good Manners." It was dedicated, very properly, to Don Miguel, the King's second son, for no boy can require such instructions more than he does; his education has been most limited and unfortunate. A book entitled *Lectures on Philosophy*, contains too much of the dogmas of Aristotle and the dark ages to evince that the author is either enlightened or judicious. We have also the *History of Extravagant Illusions and Supernatural Influence*; the *Commercial Laws of Brazil*; several useful works on Commerce and Navigation, particularly a *Nautical Almanack*, calculated for the meridian of Rio, a work badly executed, but followed by *Tables of the Sun's Declination, of Latitudes, and Logarithms*; one or two works on Geography, and a *Treatise on the Diseases of Negroes*.

"A private printing press was established at the close of 1816; philosophical lectures were read and attended; the cabinet which formerly belonged to the celebrated Werner was arranged and studied; mineral waters, found in Minas Geraes and other places, had been analysed; and Brazilians boasted of a native discovery, in the composition of gunpowder, but I apprehend without reason, for it consists simply in mixing a quantity of fresh saw-dust with the grains; a patent had been granted for making bricks by machinery, and another for the navigation of the bay by a steam boat; a company had been formed even in Cuyaba, under royal patronage, for improvements in the art of mining.

"The Arabian Camel had been introduced, and two small goats from India, which I imagine to be Cashmerian; if they succeed, both animals will prove useful to the country.

"In 1818, at a sale of books, English works went off well, as did some Latin ones; but few, I believe, fell into Brazilian hands.

French books are in demand; but it was impossible, by any means, to sell the Glasgow edition of Homer's *Iliad*, in Greek; the Septuagint and New Testament in the same language, Hederic's nor even Schrevelius's Lexicons; nor did a Hebrew Psalter, with a Latin Translation, find a customer.

"With the sciences, the arts, both mechanic and those which are commonly denominated fine ones, prospered in a high degree; and we had not only blacksmiths, carpenters, and bricklayers, but poets and painters in abundance.

"The state of fashion and taste was displayed by the superior show and decoration of retail shops; and by the puffing advertisements which were published in a style suited to the French capital. In 1816, a Hair-Dresser announced himself, and solicited patronage from the circumstance of having had the honour to be employed by Donna Carlotta of Brazil, the Princess of Wales, and the Duchess of Angoulême.

In conclusion, we have to repeat, that Mr. Luccock's work is, though not well digested, a very curious repository of Brazilian intelligence.

BELZONI ON NUBIA AND EGYPT.

Second Journey.

The second journey of this enterprising traveller is still more interesting than the first, of which we have rendered an account: it occupies about 140 pages of his work. Accompanied by Mr. Beechey, a son of the celebrated artist (who was broiling under an African sun, while his brother froze within the Arctic circle), Belzoni left Boolak on the 20th February, 1817, and once more proceeded up the Nile. At Meimond, the boats stopped to witness an Arabian festival; and the following notice of the native dances possesses an additional claim to notice, from the vehement heat with which that subject has been disputed on a recent memorable trial.

"The performers consisted of about thirty men, all in a row, clapping their hands in concert, so as to form a kind of accompaniment to their song, which consisted of three or four words; and with one foot before the other keeping a sort of perpetual motion, but without changing their positions. Before the men were two women with daggers in their hands, also in continual action, running toward the men, and then returning from them with an extraordinary motion, brandishing their daggers, and waving their garments. In this they persevered for such a length of time, that I wondered how they could support the exertion. This is a sort of Bedoueen dance, and is the most decent of all that I ever saw in Egypt—but no sooner was it ended, than, in order I suppose to please us, they immediately began another, in the fashion of the country, which fully compensated for the extraordinary modesty of the first: but we returned to our boat more disgusted than pleased with it.

After this, the author gives an equally curious description of the maritime power (if we may so term it,) on the river.

"For three days," he says, "we had a strong southerly wind, so that we advanced but a few miles, and did not arrive at Minieh till the 5th of March. It was necessary for us to land there, to see Hamet Bey, who has the command over all the boats on the river. He styles himself admiral of the Nile, and thinks himself as great as any British admiral on the sea. One day at a christian party in Cairo, the discourse happened to fall upon Sir Sydney Smith; 'Ah!' said Hamet Bey, 'Sir Sydney Smith is a very clever man, and holds the same rank as myself.' From this great commander we had to maintain a protection for our Reis, to secure him from having his boat pressed while we employed it. We found him sitting on a wooden bench, attended by two or three of his sailors. He complied with our request, and gave a hint for a bottle of rum. We sent him two, and he made a feast in high glee with them."

He is not the only naval commander in the world who likes a good glass of grog! Early in March, Belzoni found that some French agents were a-head, on their way to Thebes, to collect antiquities for Mr. Drouctti; upon which he landed and made all haste, travelling on camels and asses, to reach that site of ancient ruins before them. In this he succeeded; but their intrigues, their misrepresentations, and their falsehoods, prevailed with Deftardar Bey, the ruler of Upper Egypt; and in the end, the English were prohibited from continuing their researches: and one of the sheiks, supposed to be friendly to them, was cruelly bastinadoed. We hear, perhaps, too much of this discreditableness; but if the facts which we shall hereafter notice, are founded in truth, it must be owned, that not only M. M. Jaques and Caillet behaved like paltry fellows, but that Count de Forbin himself, the director of the French Museum, acted a most disgraceful, unjust, and contemptible part. In spite of all obstacles and squabbles, however, (the details of which are rather tedious,) Belzoni driven from Thebes, was enabled to carry on his operations at Gournou, of which he draws a remarkable picture.

"The people of Gournou are superior to any other Arabs in cunning and deceit, and the most independent of any in Egypt. They boast of being the last that the French had been able to subdue; and when subdued, they compelled them to pay the men whatever was asked for their labour; a fact which is corroborated by Baron Denon himself. They never would submit to any one, either the Mamelukes or the Bashaw. They have undergone the most severe punishments, and been hunted like wild beasts, by every successive government of Egypt. Their situations and hiding-places were almost impregnable. Gournou is a tract of rocks, about two miles in length, at the foot of the Lybian mountains, on the west of Thebes, and was the burial-place of the great city of a hundred gates. Every part of these rocks is cut out by art, in the form of large and small chambers, each of which has its separate entrance; and, though they are very close to each other, it is seldom that there is any interior com-

munication from one to another. I can truly say, it is impossible to give any description sufficient to convey the smallest idea of those subterranean abodes, and their inhabitants. There are no repulsives in any part of the world-like them; there are no excavations, or mines, that can be compared to these truly astonishing places; and no exact description can be given of their interior, owing to the difficulty of visiting these recesses. The inconvenience of entering into them is such, that it is not every one who can support the exertion.

"A traveller is generally satisfied when he has seen the large hall, the gallery, the staircase, and as far as he can conveniently go; besides, he is taken up with the strange works he observes cut in various places, and painted on each side of the walls; so that when he comes to a narrow and difficult passage, or to have to descend to the bottom of a well or cavity, he declines taking such trouble, naturally supposing that he cannot see in these abysses any thing so magnificent as what he sees above, and consequently deeming it useless to proceed any farther. Of some of these tombs many persons could not withstand the suffocating air, which often causes fainting. A vast quantity of dust rises, so fine that it enters into the throat and nostrils, and chokes the nose and mouth to such a degree, that it requires great power of lungs to resist it and the strong effluvia of the mummies. This is not all; the entry or passage where the bodies are, is roughly cut in the rocks, and the falling of the sand from the upper part or ceiling of the passage causes it to be nearly filled up. In some places there is not more than a vacancy of a foot left, which you must contrive to pass through in a creeping posture like a snail, on pointed and keen stones, that cut like glass. After getting through these passages, some of them two or three hundred yards long, you generally find a more commodious place, perhaps high enough to sit. But what a place of rest! surrounded by bodies, by heaps of mummies in all directions; which, previous to my being accustomed to the sight, impressed me with horror. The blackness of the wall, the faint light given by the candles or torches for want of air, the different objects that surrounded me, seeming to converse with each other, and the Arabs with the candles or torches in their hands, naked and covered with dust, themselves resembling living mummies, absolutely formed a scene that cannot be described. In such a situation I found myself several times, and often returned exhausted and fainting, till at last I became inured to it, and indifferent to what I suffered, except from the dust, which never failed to choke my throat and nose; and though, fortunately, I am destitute of the sense of smelling, I could taste that the mummies were rather unpleasant to swallow. After the exertion of entering into such a place, through a passage of fifty, a hundred, three hundred, or perhaps six hundred yards, nearly overcome, I sought a resting-place, found one, and contrived to sit; but when my weight bore on the body of an Egyptian, it crushed it like a sand-box. I naturally had recourse to

my hands to sustain my weight; but they found no better support; so that I sank altogether among the broken mummies, with a crash of bones, rags, and wooden cases, which raised such a dust as kept me motionless for a quarter of an hour, waiting till it subsided again. I could not remove from the place, however, without increasing it, and every step I took I crushed a mummy in some part or other. Once I was conducted from such a place to another resembling it, through a passage of about twenty feet in length, and no wider than that a body could be forced through. It was choked with mummies, and I could not pass without putting my face in contact with that of some decayed Egyptian; but as the passage inclined downwards, my own weight helped me on; however, I could not avoid being covered with bones, legs, arms, and heads rolling from above. Thus I proceeded from one cave to another, all full of mummies piled up in various ways, some standing, some lying, and some on their heads. The purpose of my researches was to rob the Egyptians of their papiri; of which I found a few hidden in their breasts, under their arms, in the space above the knees, or on the legs, and covered by the numerous folds of cloth that envelop the mummy. The people of Gourmou, who make a trade of antiquities of this sort, are very jealous of strangers, and keep them as secret as possible, deceiving travellers by pretending, that they have arrived at the end of the pits, when they are scarcely at the entrance."

"The people of Gourmou live in the entrance of such caves as have already been opened, and, by making partitions with earthen walls, they form habitations for themselves, as well as for their cows, camels, buffaloes, sheep, goats, dogs, &c. I do not know whether it is because they are so few in number; that the government takes so little notice of what they do; but it is certain, that they are the most unruly people in Egypt. At various times many of them have been destroyed, so that they are reduced from three thousand, the number they formerly reckoned, to three hundred, which form the population of the present day."

They are most cunning and rascally cheats, as the author illustrates, by relating the manner in which he became possessed of two brazen vessels apparently sacred, and sonorous like Corinthian brass, of the most perfect Egyptian antiquity.

Belzoni also contrived to make excavations at Carnak; where, he says,

"I found two small sitting figures of red granite, nearly two feet high, and a stone irregularly shaped, but flat and smooth on the surfaces. It is divided by lines into many little squares of half an inch, in each of which is a hieroglyphic, but all different from each other. This piece, in my opinion, might be of much service to Dr. Young, in his undertaking of the discovery of the alphabet of the Egyptians, particularly in the advanced state at which he has at present arrived. Two other articles were found in this excavation, of which one is a tombstone, and the other an iron sickle, that I think worthy

the attention of the antiquary. It is certain, that the burial-places of the Egyptians were on the west side of the Nile; for not a single place is to be found on the eastern side to indicate there having ever been a burial-ground there; yet among these sphinxes was a tombstone similar to those which are found in the tombs on the other side of the Nile, and probably, therefore, made to be taken to the tomb of some family on the west. But the iron sickle to which I would call the attention, was found under the feet of one of the sphinxes on its removal. I was present; one of the men took it up and gave it me. It was broken into three pieces, and so decayed, that the rust had eaten even to the centre. It was rather thicker than the sickles of the present time, but exactly of the common shape and size of ours. It is now in the possession of Mr. Salt."

We are not aware of any portion of these antiquities dug out of the earth where they have remained more than 2000 years, so well calculated to excite strong emotions, as the common tools and garments of humble men. Through the condescension of Lord Belmore, we have passed some time among the extraordinary and invaluable treasures which he has brought from the banks of the Nile; and our minds have been far more strongly affected by such remains, than by all the splendid relics which littered the tombs of monarchs. The well worn wooden mallet of a mason, precisely resembling those used in Britain at this day, but which had, perhaps, hewed stones for the pyramid of Cheops! the adze of a carpenter, also similar to those of our times, as perfect as when the death of its owner put an end to its employment! the shoes of undistinguished beings, since whose mortal career was closed, seventy or eighty generations of men have passed away, but which are made right and left according to our latest fashions! the hair of beauty, not yet unravelled from its nicest plaits, but hanging, hardly soiled, in long ringlets, though it had lain twenty centuries in the dust! These were the objects in the noble Earl's collection, which most deeply excited our feelings, and induced sensations of wonder mingled with delightful melancholy.

(To be continued.)

CUSTOMS, &c. OF AMERICAN INDIANS.

[Medicine: Superstitions.]

As the observations in Mr. Heckewelder's memoir are the fruits of a more intimate acquaintance with the American tribes than any with which we are acquainted, and as the work is not to be had by English readers, we shall confine our selections from it for yet a few Numbers. The practice of medicine, it may well be supposed, is in a rude state among so rude a people. Some of their remedies are however as effectual as they are strange. Mr. H. says,

"In fevers the Indians usually administer emetics which are made up and compounded in various ways. I saw an emetic once given to a man who had poisoned himself with the root of the May Apple. It consisted of a

* *Podophyllum peltatum*.

piece of racoon skin burned with the hair on and finely powdered, pounded dry beans and gunpowder. These three ingredients were mixed with water and poured down the patient's throat. This brought on a severe vomiting, the poisonous root was entirely discharged and the man cured.

The following description of the *Sweat Oven* and its uses, is, we think, very curious.

"In other complaints, particularly in those which proceed from rheumatic affections, bleeding and sweating are always the first remedies applied. The sweat oven is the first thing that an Indian has recourse to when he feels the least indisposed; it is the place to which the wearied traveller, hunter, or warrior looks for relief from the fatigues he has endured, the cold he has caught, or the restoration of his lost appetite.

"This oven is made of different sizes, so as to accommodate from two to six persons at a time, or according to the number of men in the village, so that they may be all successively served. It is generally built on a bank or slope, one half of it within and the other above ground. It is well covered on the top with split plank and earth, and has a door in front, where the ground is level to go or rather creep in. Here, on the outside, stones, generally of about the size of a large turnip, are heated by one or more men appointed each day for that purpose. While the oven is heating, decoctions from roots or plants are prepared either by the person himself who intends to sweat, or by one of the men of the village, who boils a large kettleful for the general use, so that when the public cryer going his rounds calls out *Piwah!* 'go to sweat!' every one brings his small kettle, which is filled for him with the potion, which at the same time serves him as a medicine, promotes a profuse perspiration, and quenches his thirst. As soon as a sufficient number have come to the oven, a number of the hot stones are rolled into the middle of it, and the sweaters go in, seating themselves or rather squatting round these stones, and there they remain until the sweat ceases to flow; then they come out, throwing a blanket or two about them that they may not catch cold; in the mean while, fresh heated stones are thrown in for those who follow them. While they are in the oven, water is now and then poured on the hot stones to produce a steam, which they say, increases heat, and gives suppleness to their limbs and joints. In rheumatic complaints, the steam is produced by a decoction of boiled roots, and the patient during the operation is well wrapped up in blankets, to keep the cold air from him, and promote perspiration at the same time.

"These sweat ovens are generally at some distance from an Indian village, where wood and water are always at hand. The best order is preserved at these places. The women have their separate oven in a different direction from that of the men, and subjected to the same rules. The men generally sweat themselves once and sometimes twice a week; the women have no fixed day for this exercise, nor do they use it as often as the men."

Even the most skillful healers participate

in a whimsical popular notion respecting medicine. They hold it to be of the utmost importance, that they should draw "water up or down the current of a stream, as it is to be respectively employed as a vehicle for an emetic or a cathartic. This singular idea prevails generally among the Indians of all classes. They think that as the one remedy is to work upwards and the other downwards, care should be taken in the preparation to follow the course of nature, so that no confusion should take place in the stomach or bowels of the patient."

We are sorry to say that the quacks or jugglers have more practice than those of the regular faculty. This arises from the excessive superstition of the natives, of which the following are examples.

"I was once acquainted with a white man, a shrewd and correct observer, who had lived long among the Indians, and being himself related to an Indian family, had the best opportunities of obtaining accurate information on this subject. He told me that he had found the means of getting into the confidence of one of their most noted sorcerers, who had frankly confessed to him, that his secret consisted in exciting fear and suspicion, and creating in the multitude a strong belief in his magical powers. 'For,' said he, 'such is the credulity of many, that if I only pick a little wool from my blanket, and roll it between my fingers into a small round ball, not larger than a bean, I am by that alone believed to be deeply skilled in the magic art, and it is immediately supposed that I am preparing the deadly substance with which I mean to strike some person or other, although I hardly know myself at the time what my fingers are doing; and if, at that moment, I happen to cast my eyes on a particular man, or even throw a side glance at him, it is enough to make him consider himself as the intended victim; he is from that instant effectually struck, and if he is not possessed of great fortitude, so as to be able to repel the thought, and divert his mind from it, or to persuade himself that it is nothing but the work of a disturbed imagination, he will sink under the terror thus created, and at last perish a victim, not indeed, to witchcraft, but to his own credulity and folly.'

"But men of such strong minds are not often to be found; so deeply rooted is the belief of the Indians in those fancied supernatural powers. It is vain to endeavour to convince them by argument that they are entirely founded in delusion and have no real existence. The attempt has been frequently made by sensible white men, but always without success. The following anecdote will show how little hope there is of ever bringing them to a more rational way of thinking.

"Sometime about the year 1776, a Quaker trader of the name of John Anderson, who among the Indians was called the *Honest Quaker trader*, after vainly endeavouring to convince these people by argument that there was no such thing as witchcraft, took the bold, and I might say the rash, resolution to put their sorcery to the test, and

display the utmost exertions of their pretended supernatural powers. He desired that two of those magicians might be brought successively before him on different days, who should be at liberty to try their art on his person, and do him all the harm that they could by magical means, in the presence of the chiefs and principal men of the village. The Indians tried at first to dissuade him from so dangerous an experiment; but he persisted, and at last they acceded to his demand; a conjurer was brought to him, who professed himself fully competent to the task for which he was called, but he could not be persuaded to make the attempt. He declared that Anderson was so good and so honest a man, so much his friend and the friend of all the Indians, that he could not think of doing him an injury. He never practised his art but on bad men and on those who had injured him, the great Manitto forbid that he should use it for such a wicked purpose as that for which he was now called upon.

"The Indians found this excuse perfectly good, and retired more convinced than ever of the abilities of their conjurer, whom they now revered for his conscientious scruples.

"The one who was brought on the next day was of a different stamp. He was an arch sorcerer, whose fame was extended far and wide, and was much dreaded by the Indians, not only on account of his great powers, but of the wicked disposition of his mind. Every effort was made to dissuade Mr. Anderson from exposing himself to what was considered as certain destruction; but he stood firm to his purpose, and only stipulated that the magician should sit at the distance of about twelve feet from him, that he should not be armed with any weapon, nor carry any poison or any thing else of a known destructive nature, and that he should not even rise from his seat, nor advance towards him during the operation. All this was agreed to, the conjurer boasting that he could effect his purpose even at the distance of one hundred miles. The promised reward was brought and placed in full view, and both parties now prepared for the experiment.

"The spectators being all assembled, the sorcerer took his seat, arrayed in the most frightful manner that he could devise. Anderson stood firm and composed before him at the stipulated distance. All were silent and attentive while the wizzard began his terrible operation. He began with working with his fingers on his blanket, plucking now and then a little wool and breasting on it, then rolling it together in small rolls of the size of a bean, and went through all the antic tricks to which the power of bewitching is generally ascribed. But all this had no effect. Anderson remained cool and composed, now and then calling to his antagonist not to be sparing of his exertions. The conjurer now began to make the most horrid gesticulations, and used all the means in his power to frighten the honest quaker, who, aware of his purpose, still remained unmoved. At last, while the eyes of all the spectators were fixed on this brave man, to observe the effects of the sorcerer's craft upon him, this

terrible conjurer, finding that all his efforts were vain, found himself obliged to give up the point, and alleged for his excuse "that the Americans eat too much salt provisions; that salt had a repulsive effect, which made the powerful invisible substance that he employed recoil upon him; that the Indians, who eat but little salt, had often felt the effects of this substance, but that the great quantity of it which the white men used effectually protected them against it."

"The imposition in this instance was perfectly clear and visible, and nothing was so easy as to see through this sorcerer's miserable pretence, and be convinced that his boasted art was entirely a deception; but it was not so with the Indians, who firmly believed that the salt which the Americans used was the only cause of his failure in this instance, and that if it had not been for the salted meat which Mr. Anderson fed upon, he would have fallen a victim as well as others to the incantations of this impostor."

EARLY RUSSIAN HISTORY.

(From Count T. Golowkin's *undated Letter*.)

The impulse of grandeur and importance which the long and prosperous reign of St. Vladimir had given to his government, withstood for a time the fatal effects of his testament. Notwithstanding the loss of eleven great appanages with which they were obliged to part, the sovereigns of Kieff held for 120 years, with a firm and skilful hand, the chains which attached them to the throne; and perhaps, this power and this splendour would have been perpetuated, if among so many states, separated from each other, the grand principality had not been the most exposed of all to usurpations and subdivisions. I have extracted from the chronicles and archives, a picture, which demonstrates the madness of the system pursued. But the military government founded by Rurick, continued only till the death of Mstislav the Great, and various causes contributed to its destruction.

The first was indubitably those partitions, which were renewed at the death of every prince, and which it seemed impossible to abolish, as they had acquired by custom the force of law. Continual misfortunes, and dangers constantly increasing, could not fix any bounds to them. Vsevolod III. (1213) and Constantine I. (1218), who may be supposed to have been equally alarmed by the past and the future, shewed how far this deplorable infatuation was carried. In reading their testamentary dispositions, it seems that the only hope, the only consolation they had left, was to see all finish with themselves. The grand Princes had not observed, that in the continual subdivisions, there were two results directly contrary to each other; namely, that in proportion as they were favourable to them in the appanages which they weakened, they were destructive of the authority which it was so important to preserve in the Grand Principality. We cannot help asking, why Jaroslav and Mstislav, who were so sensible of their greatness and so skilful in making use of it, especially the first, who had succeeded in re-uniting the whole inheritance of

his ancestors, did not establish it as a fundamental law, that the Grand Principality should belong to one only branch of the house of Rurick; that it should be indivisible; and that on the contrary, each appanage should, in case of decease, be always divided into as many parts as there were male heirs.

The second cause of destruction was, the example set by the same Jaroslav of changing the appanages. Desiring in 1020 to give an advantage to his brother Mstislav, he gave him, instead of the principalities of Mouroma and Tschernigoff, which he possessed, that of Zimontaracan, which lying on the frontiers and near the seas on the south, was better calculated to favor his ambitious views. From that time, every prince discontented with his lot, perceiving that there was a means of ameliorating it, thought he had a right to ask it; or only waited for an opportunity to demand it.

These changes of princes and of principalities became the more frequent, as the Grand Principality, not being attached to a single branch, and belonging by right to the eldest of the whole race, and in fact, to the bravest or the most powerful, these changes became inevitable on every new reign. Among the appanaged princes, there were soon found some, who attempted to rival the head of the state; and as in the pursuits of ambition, the worst that can happen is, not to succeed, each sought to strengthen himself by the aid of the neighbouring people. Hence, the invasions of the Khozars, the Polovts, the Poles, the Teutonic knights; hence, the dreadful yoke of the Mongols and the Lithuanians.

The most powerful of the appanaged Princes then declared themselves the hereditary possessors of the appanages they usurped; and the weakest, always protected by the grand princes, had a permanent pretext to dispute the possession with them. The certainty or the hope of obtaining justice sooner or later, completed the misfortunes of the people. Every one ruined his appanage, in order to obtain the means of purchasing or conquering another; and lastly, as the vain title of Grand Prince, was the secret object of all these ambitious princes, every thing was overturned to arrive more speedily to an unstable throne. The time when it became necessary to transfer the Grand Principality, was not long delayed. Kieff, too much injured by foreign invasions, too much weakened by the loss of the appanages which had been successively detached from it, could no longer serve as its seat. Youry I. Dolgorouky, established himself at Vladimir, which belonged to him. Shortly after, Moscow became the seat of the Grand Principality. Soon there were two Grand Princes at the same time, or even more, according to the power of each of those who desired to be so; or to the interest of the Mongols who were masters of the greatest part of Russia. At the time of these two great Princes, Rurick II. of Kieff, and St. Youry II. of Vladimir, a noble example was seen of the harmony which love of their country may produce between

two sovereigns, who are both men of honorable principles; but this requires a union of virtues so rare, that Russia enjoyed it but once, and for a moment.

It would however be an erroneous notion, to believe that the power and the energy, the sources and example of which had been bequeathed by the founders, were entirely lost. At various periods, the fittest means were adopted to restore what time and accumulated faults had deteriorated. The reign of Jaroslav I., so remarkable on many accounts, is particularly so from the successful efforts made by that prince to restore due vigour to the sovereign authority. This noble ambition would probably have been crowned with success, had he not been so eager to act a part in the north; an eagerness, which perhaps originated only in the desire to show the fortunes of the children of Rurick; but which made him neglect the affairs of the south, and afterwards gave the Swedes opportunities to counteract the interests of Russia.

(To be continued.)

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

NEW ELECTRO-MAGNETIC EXPERIMENTS.—BY PROFESSOR J. C. ØRSTED.

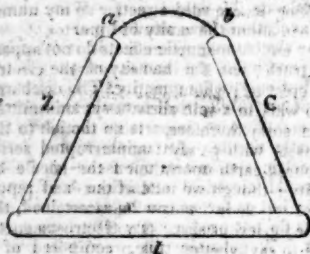
(Second Communication.)

Since the publication of my first experiments on the magnetic action of the galvanic apparatus, I have prosecuted my researches on this subject as far as my numerous avocations have allowed me.

The electro-magnetic effects do not appear to depend upon the intensity of the electricity, but only on its quantity. The discharge of a powerful electrical battery, transmitted by a metallic wire, imparts no motion to the magnetic needle. An uninterrupted series of electric sparks acts upon the needle by the usual electrical attractions and repulsions; but as far as can be ascertained, the sparks do not produce any electro-magnetic effect. A galvanic pile, composed of a hundred plates, (*disques*) of two square inches of each metal, and of paper moistened with salt water, by way of a fluid conductor, is likewise without any sensible effect on the needle. On the other hand, this effect is obtained by a single galvanic arc, (*arc galvanique*) of zinc and copper, which has for its fluid conductor a liquor of a great conducting power; for example, a compound of sulphuric acid, as much of nitric acid, and 66 parts of water. The water may even be doubled without much diminishing the effect. If the surfaces of the two metals are small, the effect is the same; but it increases in proportion as the surfaces are augmented. A plate (*lamin*) of zinc, of 6 square inches, plunged in a *bois*, which contains the liquid conductor, of which I have spoken, produces a considerable effect; but a similar system, of which the plate of zinc is 100 square inches, acts upon the magnetic needle with such force, that the effect is very sensible at the distance of three feet, even when the needle is not very moveable. I have not found a greater effect

from a galvanic apparatus composed of 40 similar parts, and its influence even appeared to me less powerful. If this observation, which I have not confirmed by other experiments, be just, I should be inclined to believe that the small diminution of the conducting power produced by the augmentation of the elements of the apparatus lessens its electro-magnetic effect.

To compare the effect of a single galvanic arc, with that of an apparatus composed of several arcs, or elements, we must make one reflection. Suppose that the annexed figure represents a galvanic arc of a piece of zinc *Z*, of one of copper *C*, of a metal wire *ab*, and of a liquid conductor *l*. The zinc always communicates a part of its positive electricity to the water, as the copper gives it part of its negative electricity, which would produce an accumulation of negative electricity in the upper part of the zinc, and of positive electricity in the upper part of the copper, if the communication by *ab* did not restore the equilibrium, by affording an easy passage to the negative electricity from *Z* to *C*, and of the positive, free electricity, from *C* to *Z*. We see then that the wire *ab* receives the negative electricity of the zinc, and the positive of the copper; whereas, a wire which makes a communication between the two poles of a compound pile, or other compound galvanic apparatus, receives the positive electricity of the zinc pole, and the negative of the copper pole.



By paying attention to this difference, we may, with a single galvanic arc, arranged as I have described it, repeat all the experiments which I had at first made with a compound galvanic apparatus. The use of a single galvanic arc is, of itself, a great advantage, as it allows of a repetition of the experiments, with small preparation and expense; but it gives another advantage, which is more considerable; namely, that a galvanic arc may be arranged strong enough for the electro-magnetic experiments, and yet sufficiently light to be suspended to their wire; so that this small apparatus may easily move round the prolonged axis of the wire. Thus we may examine the action of a magnet on the galvanic arc. As a body cannot put in motion another body without being moved in its turn, when it possesses the necessary mobility, it was easy to foresee that the galvanic arc might be moved by the magnet.

The author then proceeds to state, that he made various contrivances to arrange the simple galvanic apparatus, to examine the motion communicated to it by the magnet.

He describes some of them, which do not seem intelligible without the aid of figures. He adds, "I have not yet found means to construct a galvanic apparatus sufficiently free to direct itself spontaneously towards the poles of the earth. The apparatus for such an experiment ought to be excessively moveable."

LITERATURE & LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

On the 10th, the anniversary of this Foundation, the officers of the last year were re-elected, and silver medals distributed as prizes to Mr. Watts, for the best copy of an Ostade, in the school of painting; to Mr. Sharp, for the second best, a copy from the infant Bacchus of Pontius; to Mr. A. Morton, for the best drawing from the living model; to Mr. Pitts, for the best model from the same; to Mr. Wood, for the best drawing from an antique figure, one of the dying sons of Niobe; to Mr. R. Williams, for the best model from the same; and to Mr. George Allen, for the best architectural drawing, the plan and elevation of Surgeons College, Lincolns Inn Square.

Sir T. Lawrence presided. We hear nothing of the academy's going out of the circumscribed bounds to which it has too long limited its operations for the advancement of art.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

To Poetry.

I love thee, spirit of sweet poetry!
And, with a deep delight that few have known,
Bend towards thee in my soul's obedience,
And fain would court and gain thee for my own;
Yet do I feel thy perilous influence.
Sweet spirit, well I know thy lineage high,
And whence are drawn the currents of thy song,
And where they stream along
Through the sad shores of Italy,
Old Greece, or Avon's pleasant pastures near
Whence Shakespeare's fancy ran and runneth clear

Toward the far seas of immortality.
Not fabled was the story of thy birth,
As told by poets in the elder time
(Though scorned, alas! in these degenerate days,
And thy green laurel deemed of little worth).
Oh! then bear us unto thy sunny clime,
Where few, so few, have been allowed to gaze;
So may I bask in those eternal rays,
That seldom yet have visited this earth,
And with some power celebrate thy praise.

I love thee, sweetest spirit! and I oft
Have wandered with thee, a companion rare,
And seldom seen, and never borne aloft

Sir H. Davy has allowed the public to have a glimpse at his experiments on the magnetising influence of galvanism. The results stated in the newspapers are, that the galvanic fluid properly directed, communicates magnetic properties to steel bars. The bars must not be placed in the direction of the magnetic axis, but parallel to the magnetic equator—the west end then becomes the north pole, and the east end the south pole of the new magnet. This effect may be produced at 10 or 12 inches distance from the galvanic current.

Amidst the regions where the poets stray:
Yet have I bent before thee in my cell,
And called on thee in solitude,
And through the varying seasons (chief by night)
Have felt and lov'd thy shadowy presence well;
And own'd with what a power thou wast endued
To change, and ah! to beautify
Whatever wondrous object met thy sight;
And I, with thee, have seen the lightnings play,
(Touched by thy hand, terrifically bright),
And seen the young sun tint the skies with grey,
And marked the painted heavens at evening, gay,
Or when they, with their thousand eyes of light,
Look beautiful upon the world below.
Half of this pleasure to thy help I owe.

It is to thee, sweet spirit! man should bow,
(All self-abandoned in his love),
And worship the bright wreath upon thy brow,
As in those days of past mythology,
When, on the Olympus hill, thy father Jove
Sat in his might, and flung his bolts afar;
(Now fixed amongst the skies a humble star);
Whilst thou the while, didst haunt the sacred
spring,
And from prophane touch guard the sparkling
fount,

And mark Apollo's laurel blossoming;
Or roam those woods (crowning the Pindus'
mount)

That bound the sun-bright plains of Thessaly.

It is to thee, sweet spirit! men should bow,
For much to thee they owe;
To thee man oweth what is bright and fair—
That he can joy in sights this world above,
(The heavens—the stars that light the upper
air)

And thus escape life's mere reality.
Say how that Avon's child first gained thy love,
And how thy blind and mighty votary,
And how they did secure through life thy care:
For I have fed upon the flowers
That spring so fresh on Shakespeare's page,
And, from my tenderest age
Till now, have passed with him delighted hours:
And with him (Fancy's high fantastic son)
Have learned to commune with the visible skies;
And ah! through many a soft and summer night,
(What time the fair moon lends her clearest
light)

Have roamed alone, and dwelt in silence on
Old Milton's matchless tale of Paradise.
September 1819.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

We are almost sorry for having given publicity to the letters of our pandemonian friend Satan, as their insertion has had the effect of filling our letter-box with communications under the signatures of Diabolus, Lucifer, Belzebub, Asmodeus, and other names of infernal import, in such quantity, that we are disposed to believe the number of wicked spirits at present loose in this country has been much under-rated, as well as their power of disturbing the peace of the community. As we could not promise to insert the half of these communications without printing our whole annual quantum of matter in one day, which would not be perfectly convenient for us, and perhaps, even less so for our readers, we shall commit the whole of them to the flames, as we wish to have no personal communication with the writers, and have no curiosity to know the place of their abode. Many other journals, however, exist in this metropolis, to the Editors of which, if they prove incommen-

butstible, our invisible friends may transmit their letters; and if it save the future pilfering of our pages, it may be matter of gratulation to all parties.

We have also to acknowledge the receipt of three hundred and fifty-four letters connected with the same subject, but which we have not had leisure to examine minutely, seeming to be animadversions on, answers to, or praises of, the communications addressed to us by Satan. As we cannot promise the appearance of all these, unless we were assured of surviving the present century; and as we wish to pay every attention to the requests of those friends who have taken the trouble to write for our advantage, we shall dip into our portfolio for the home department, and print as many of those which come to hand as will fill a page of our miscellany; trusting that the produce may be as fair a specimen of the remainder, as the samples at Mark Lane are of the grains they represent, or the patches of the clothier the webs which they are meant to typify.

The first comes from the City; and is as follows:

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—Since reading your communications from the Devil, I have not had a moment's comfort. My imagination conjures up demons at every step; and whether seated in my shop or walking in the street; whether at the club or the theatres, I picture to myself the Evil One in every person I meet, and fancy I detect traits of his character in every face I see. My wife, who is also a constant reader of the Literary Gazette, suspects, on the same principle, that I am not so good as I used to be; I dare scarcely look or speak to a female without being suspected of an intrigue; and though my spouse is a notable woman in many respects, I am afraid, from her attention to our gentlemen customers, that I begin to see evidences in her conduct of the undue influence of the enemy of our race.

My instant determination on reading these letters, was to avoid all appearance of being under the controul of such a master; and I accordingly erased the words "goods under prime cost" from my shop-bill, and resolved to ask no more from my customers in future, than I really meant to sell the goods for, without enhancing the value of the bargain, by telling the palpable falsehood (too common in our profession,) that they were considerably under the manufacturer's prices. By this proceeding, I indeed satisfied my conscience; but I find all my customers have left me, although my goods, as may be seen by calling at my shop, are of equal quality, and as low in price, as those of my neighbour, Mr. Gobblegoose, who has realized a handsome fortune; though, if his assertions are to be believed, he loses by every thing he sells. In short, Sir, I find that if I act honestly, and speak according to my conscience, I must starve; and that there is no resource for me, but to return to those tricks and deceptions, which, however hurtful to our future happiness, are essentially necessary to our present comfort.

As your paper is very extensively read, I

should wish, for the character of our profession, that you would make my grievances known in your own manner in an early publication. And I shall adhere to my present plan for another week, in the hope that, by your publishing the circumstances, I may, in the return of customers to whose ears truth may be acceptable, be enabled to acquire the means of supporting myself and family; for unless some such thing be done, I must either shut up my shop or my conscience, as there is no possibility of procuring a livelihood by dealing honestly and speaking truth, as things are at present arranged in London. I am, Sir, your most humble Serv.

ABRAHAM MEANWELL.

Cheapside, Dec. 7th, 1820.

Dear Sir,—Do tell me if the Devil ever takes the shape of a handsome young man, or appears in the uniform of an officer of the guards. I have two admirers, who both of them have sworn a hundred and a hundred times, they love me beyond any thing you could think of; but I must not tell Pa or Ma. Do you tell fortunes? Dear Sir, Yours truly, ARABELLA YOUNGLY.

Answer by the Editor.

If a man talks of love, with caution trust him; But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive you.

Sir,—Having read Satan's third letter very carefully, I am convinced that he is right in what he there asserts; and I have to request the favour of your inserting the following notice in your paper, of a work I am about to commence, viz. "Dr. Ebenezer Longhead is at present engaged in writing a *History of the World*, from its beginning to the present time; including a particular account of all those sovereigns, states, and nations, who have acted on systems of policy prescribed by the Devil, and evidently calculated to serve his peculiar purposes. The work will be completed in one hundred and fifty volumes quarto, as nearly as can be conjectured, including a supplemental volume, containing the history of those kings and kingdoms, who have acted on opposite principles." And you may add, as expressive of our own sentiments, "that you have no doubt, from the known learning and abilities of the author, that this will be the most important work ever published in Britain." I am, Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

EBENEZER LONGHEAD, LL.D.

Lincoln's Inn Fields, 12th Dec. 1820.

Sir,—If Satan is to be your correspondent, I shall cease to be your reader. Yours, GREENWICH.

THOMAS SHORT.

Mr. Editor,—Have the goodness to send me twelve copies of every Gazette in which the Devil appears, made up in a parcel, and sent by the coach to your humble Servant,

DAVID DEWILL.

Northampton, 5th Dec. 1820.

Sir,—In your Litterary Gazette, or Gurnel of Billy's letters as you call it in Germin, vich I ride dully afore it goes up stairs to my Lode, I seed a litter from the Evil won, as I thinks is mint to satirize our Sacks, thof I cant say I undirstands its porpus completely, and I dund see what rite either yow or the Divil has to make a tax on our

petycots or illushions to Leda's drays: and if I wer your wife Mr. Idioter. I wold lett yu know that you have no blaynes with other pebbles, puttycoats, or wether they wore stuff guns or not. Mend your own sacks, Sir, I min the meul sacks: and let me tell you that it is a sham for you in a printit Gurnel to airkit skandlouse imputashions to the perjudas of chest and virtewes wiimenat the instikashon of the Feather of Lice. And to shoe you that I dont mind your insluivations a cooper varthing, I shelt put up my petycots as far as I pleas and farther, and lett them as has not andsome hancles kip them down to conseal them for werry obvice raisins. Yours to cummand,

GROSVENOR SQUARE.

MARTHA BLUNT.

Dear Ed.—Capital quizz that of Satan's and yours: devilish good idea. Do drive the dear creatures to church—it will be a charming variety in life, and keep the ready in our pockets lost at the pictures. How demure the sly ones will look before the parson. Touch them up about putting a little more stuff in their bosom gear—or say they went naked like Adam and Eve. How would that do? Yours in haste,

Piccadilly, Tuesday.

HARRY SPEND.

Friend,—I see from the late publications that the Evil One, who is called Satan, Beelzebub, and the Old Serpent, has been inditing epistles to thee, and I much marvelled thereat, though I have often evidence of his presence in this great city, in the temptations to which my frail tabernacle is exposed in walking its crowded streets. What he saith to thee about the vanity of women's appareling, and idle amusements, is not far from the truth; and if he had exposed the folly of the creatures whom men call Dandies, and who walk in a vain shew, I should not have been sorry therefore. Also the adorning of damsels with gaudy trappings, and putting coloured earth upon their faces—this also is vanity; though we read of the Jews putting ashes on their heads when they had committed grievous sins. Thou perhaps may be able to say whether this practice is not followed by our fair countrywomen on the same principle. Moreover, the rattling of spotted bones in a vessel, and spending nights in looking at images on pasteboard, this ought to be reprobated; and his ideas of murder by hired men in red coats, is not far from the opinion entertained by the Society of Friends. But I counsel thee to be on thy guard against the arch deceiver; for wolves sometimes assume the clothing of the sheep, to serve their own purposes; and even Satan, the wife of my bosom was quite another thing than she is now, before she was the spouse of Thy Friend.

SINOW PUNE.

Cornhill, 7th of the 12th Month.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT-GARDEN.—Mr. Vandenhoff. On Saturday, this gentleman made his London debut in the arduous character of King Lear. This attempt, and the reports circulated in the theatrical world previous to his appearance, marked him out as an aspirant to the

highest honours of his difficult profession. The performance of a single part does not furnish grounds for us to pronounce whether he will accomplish this great object, or fail; but we may safely say, that he has displayed considerable talents, though conjoined with some drawbacks which took away from the full effect of his acting. Mr. Vandenhoff appears to be somewhat taller than Mr. Kean, (who, by the by, has arrived at New York,) of an active and agile form, with a voice of rather strange quality, and the owner of a countenance of indifferent expression, though not absolutely bad for the stage. Thus physically constituted, his mental requisites seem to be of a finer cast. He has too much judgment to be an imitator, and too much feeling to be a mannerist, and too much talent to be a drudge. Unquestionably, it is our opinion, that his chief forte is passion. The most exquisite art, without sensibility, seldom or never excites sympathy; and the actor who does not feel strongly, can hardly hope to affect powerfully. The most original of Vandenhoff's markings in Lear, arose out of this source. When he merely followed scenic traditional delineation, he was inferior to several of his predecessors; but when cheered by the applause of the spectators, and wrought into an ardour of self-possession, he gave parts in a style of excellence which we have seldom seen surpassed. His vacillation between his two daughters, for instance, was peculiarly natural and forcible. When stung by the viper Goneril, he ran towards Regan, as if the later and sharper sting had obliterated the memory of her unkindness; and then the sudden recollection of that ingratitude palsied his frame, and stifled the appeal almost bursting from his lips and heart. Torn then with the overwhelming conflict of their double treachery and wrong, he rushed forth, pouring execrations on their undutiful heads, and exclaiming the more merciful elements. It is not our intention to enter into the minutiae of the play; but we have particularised one instance, to show that Mr. V. is capable of very noble conceptions, and of the vivid execution of them. His voice might occasionally break into a girlish tone; his animation might exceed the bounds of age, even when endued with the supernatural energy of madness; and there might be other objectionable points in his acting; but it would be unjust to press them against him on a first night, and in such a character as Lear. We rather hail him as a welcome acquisition to the stage; and are convinced, that he has abilities which will, if he can discard a redundancy of action, and other provincial common place defects, give him a fair chance of becoming a favourite. His Sir Giles Overreach, on Thursday, was inferior to his L. ar.

VARIETIES.

On the 17th ult. the objects furnished by the Society of the Friends of Art, were exhibited in one of the galleries of the Hotel des Menus Plaisirs du Roy. The exhibition consisted of forty pictures, on various sub-

jects. *Heliois and Abbeard* surprised by the Canon Falters, and a scene from the history of the Spanish war, are among the most remarkable pictures. The gallery also contains a beautiful plaster model of *Jeda and Jupiter*, in the form of a swan. The exhibition has been much thronged with visitors. — (French Paper.)

Anecdote of George IV.—The two Owyhee Chiefs were introduced to his Majesty the other day at Carlton Palace. The King was amused with their conversation, through an interpreter, and asked a good many questions. Among other things, the elder Chief told him he had six wives; upon which his Majesty good-humouredly observed—"Notwithstanding which you left your country! well, I have but one, and I find that enough to manage!"

The Conway, Captain Basil Hall, has reached Rio Janeiro. This is the ship sent from England, by the Admiralty, farther to explore the new antarctic land recently discovered, and of which we have given an account as far as has yet been ascertained.

Oliver Goldsmith.—The birthday of Oliver Goldsmith was celebrated on the 6th inst. at Ballymahon, in Ireland, near which place this fine genius was born on 29th November 1728. An annual observance of the day in the capital is projected, and a monument is about to be erected to this one of Hibernia's greatest sons. These national festivals are always to be applauded; they are at once a noble reward and excitement of talents.

Mr. Lewis Grummit, formerly an eminent grazier in Lincolnshire, died a few days ago in that county at a very advanced age. It was from an hospitable joke of this worthy man's that Dr. Goldsmith took the hint of *Marlow* mistaking the house of *Mr. Hardcastle* for an inn, in the comedy of *She stoops to Conquer*. The circumstance was as follows:—Mr. Grummit late one night met a commercial traveller, who had mistaken his road, and enquired the way to the nearest inn or public-house. Mr. G. replied, that as he was a stranger, he would show him the way to a quiet respectable house of public entertainment for man and horse, and took him to his own residence. The traveller, by the perfect ease and confidence of his manner, showed the success of his host's stratagem, and every thing that he called for was instantly provided for himself and his horse. In the morning he called in an authoritative tone for his bill, and the hospitable landlord had all the recompense he desired in the surprise and altered manners of his guest. Many other whimsical acts of kindness are related of him.—*Cam. Chron.*

Cleopatra's Needle.—This celebrated monument of antiquity has been presented to his Majesty George IV. by the Pacha of Egypt, and is expected to arrive shortly from Alexandria. It is intended to be set up in Waterloo-place, opposite Carlton Palace. The weight of the column is about 200 tons, the diameter at the pedestal seven feet. This magnificent column was obtained through the influence of S. Briggs, Esq. the British Resident at Grand Cairo, with the Pacha of Egypt.—*Daily Papers.*

Curiosity.—The passion for sights is strongly displayed by the crowds at every execution. In Paris a similar impulse induced multitudes to rush to the Morgue a fortnight ago, to see the dead body of the pretty oyster-girl who was assassinated by a soldier, and whose corpse, it was expected, would be exposed, according to custom, at that place. Happily for decorum, it was owned by her parents, and buried without this ceremony.

LITERARY NOTICES.

We understand that the literary world is on the eve of being presented with a life of Voltaire, from the maiden pen of a gentleman hitherto more distinguished in the Melton Hunt than in the pursuits of literature, and heretofore far better known on the pavé of the fashionable streets, and in places where Dandies lounge, than in The Row, or circles of science.

We hear that among Lord Byron's forthcoming labours, the castigation of a Review and a Magazine is included: Translations from the Italian, too, will appear, as well as from Ovid's Epistles: Two other Cantos of *Juan*, &c. &c.

Prussian travellers in Egypt.—The Prussian General Menz Von Minutoli, who has undertaken a scientific tour in Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, and Greece, accompanied by an architect, an orientalist, and two naturalists, has written to his patron (his royal highness Prince Charles of Prussia), a letter from Alexandria, dated the 13th of September, in which he gives an account of an interview with the viceroy of Egypt, Mahomed Aly Pasha, and anticipates the safe and successful prosecution of his object.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

DECEMBER 1820.

Thursday, 7.—Thermometer from 44 to 56. Barometer from 30, 18 to 30, 24. Wind S. W. 1. and 2.—Cloudy till the afternoon, when it became clear, and so continued.

Friday, 8.—Thermometer from 46 to 52. Barometer from 30, 24 to 30, 37. Wind S. W. 2, and W. b. S. 4.—Cloudy.

Saturday, 9.—Thermometer from 44 to 51. Barometer from 30, 33 to 30, 28. Wind S. W. 1, and 2.—Generally cloudy till the evening, when it became clear.

Sunday, 10.—Thermometer from 45 to 54. Barometer from 30, 21 to 30, 13. Wind S. W. 3.—Cloudy.

Monday, 11.—Thermometer from 47 to 54. Barometer from 30, 08 to 30, 06. Wind S. W. 1, and 4.—Generally cloudy. A misty rain in the morning. Rain fallen .05 of an inch.

Tuesday, 12.—Thermometer from 45 to 53. Barometer from 29, 80 to 29, 72. Wind S. W. and S. b. W. 1.—Morning cloudy, with rain; afternoon clear, and heavy rain in the evening. Rain fallen .175 of an inch.

Wednesday, 13.—Thermometer from 48 to 36. Barometer from 29, 58 to 29, 79. Wind S. b. W. 4, and N. E. 3.—Raining till noon, and cloudy till the evening, when it became clear. Rain fallen .5 of an inch. Edmonston, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

Erratum.—In the lines to *Suspence*, 1st line, for *fends* read *fend*.

Miscellaneous Advertisements, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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